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THE COMMONWEAL
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THE
Commonweal
A Weekly Review of Public Affairs, Literature, and the Arts
THIRTY-FIFTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

week by week

THE PRESIDENT IN EUROPE

PRESIDENT EISENHOWER'S large adventure in personal diplomacy must still stand the test of inimical criticism and probing by Communist leaders. Nevertheless, he has already accomplished more than many of his critics, both the hopeful and the fearful, thought that he could.

His first meeting, that with Chancellor Adenauer, was generally regarded as one of the most demanding. Yet in the short time he was in Germany he not only received a warm reception from the West Germans but won agreement and praise from the Chancellor. It is commonly accepted that Dr. Adenauer had full trust only in Mr. Dulles and regarded him, rather than the President, as the person who formulated and maintained our unyielding policy toward Communist Russia. That he should seem to have seriously revised his estimate of Mr. Eisenhower during their brief time together, to have transferred to him the trust he had in Mr. Dulles, and to have agreed on many troublesome issues in an amicable spirit is a tribute to the President's abilities. It was an auspicious beginning, the first of the President's many successes on his tour among European leaders.

While the sense of euphoria that has attended President Eisenhower's tour may give it an inflated value, there is enough substantial achievement to undercut some of the reserve shown by those who initially criticized the entire venture. In talking to the allied leaders Mr. Eisenhower had one overarching purpose. He wanted these leaders, and the peoples they represent, to feel in a meaningful way the force of a statement frequently invoked in U.S. domestic policy—"What unites us is more important than what divides us."

There is some historic irony in the fact that the President started his "quest for peace" tour just twenty years from the beginning of World War II and that much of his present prestige, even in Germany, stems from his successful leadership of the military forces that finally overcame Hitler's armies. For Europeans remember, even more vividly than do Americans, that allied victory was achieved under General Eisenhower.

WHILE THE coincidence of the President's visit with the events of twenty years ago may be ironic, yet the memories of those days must also serve as a spur to united effort. For he is trying to achieve what allied leaders missed at that time. He is trying to bring to today's leaders a recognition of common goals; a realistic estimation of the threat posed by Communism; a submergence of private differences in favor of united opposition; and some mutually accepted areas in which to explore means of reducing cold war tensions. This is a tall order and the President has chosen to exert his own personal prestige and that of the Presidency in order to accomplish it.

Even if the President of the United States can, as a consequence of those visits, speak for all the Western powers with single-minded intention and determination, the hardest task lies still ahead. For the man to whom he will speak is Nikita Khrushchev, a shrewd, informed, ruthless opponent.

As their meeting approaches, one is grateful for the support the President has gained in Europe, for the firmness with which he has undertaken the momentous task of reducing the prospects of disastrous warfare by personal encounters, and for the feeling which he has given to all peoples that the United States will pursue all avenues that might lead to peace as long as they are not blocked by Soviet opposition.

There are quite valid fears that, however sincere, respected and informed the President may be,

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Mr. Khrushchev will turn the meeting into a Communist coup by raising his own prestige, by further subduing the spirits of the captive peoples and refugees, and by calling into world-wide question the prudence and judgment of the President. It is clear, however, that the President has considered these possibilities and, recognizing the risk involved but also recognizing the risks of our present stalemate, has made a bold and adventurous decision. Given Mr. Eisenhower's impressive performance within the last several weeks, and remembering the international background of the last several years, his venture deserves wide support.

STEEL AND INFLATION

NO ONE questions the fact that Mr. Eisenhower is deeply concerned over the danger inflation represents to our nation. But a good many economists—one of whom, Eugene Havas, presents his views in this issue—disagree with the Administration's analysis of inflation's causes and hence of how it can be cured.

In general, these dissenting economists fear inflation at least as much as President Eisenhower, but they feel the Administration's attack on the problem has been overly "textbookish," academically orthodox in one sense but based on several serious misjudgments of the actual conditions that prevail in our economy. As Mr. Havas points out, one highly questionable assumption is that the classic pattern of the free-market economy does in fact operate more or less uniformly throughout our economy. In reality, however, the record of the postwar economy supplies considerable evidence that the operation of substantial segments of our economy does not actually conform to the classic doctrine of the free market.

NEXT WEEK

DANIEL J. CALLAHAN writes about the present state of Catholic-Protestant relations.

"Understanding can be a sword that cuts two ways; it may lessen personal antagonism and increase ideological antagonism. Something like this is happening in the current attempts of a number of Catholics to gain new insights into Protestantism, both in its historical and in its contemporary manifestations."

In steel, for example, if prices have any very direct relation to fluctuations in supply and demand, it is quite hard to detect them. When demand falls off, production is cut back and steel-workers are laid off, but where is the classic pattern of price-cutting in response to a fall in demand? As we have noted in previous editorials on the steel strike, prices in the steel industry seem to have only one direction, and that is up.

Those sectors of American industrial life where this price pattern has prevailed since World War II are areas with significant impact on the rest of the economy. There may be compelling reasons why prices in these industries are "administered prices" rather than prices arrived at by the operation of the free market, but the fact remains that in such cases it is pointless to assume that the traditional operation of the marketplace will produce anti-inflationary price cuts. It was on the basis of such reasoning that we have argued throughout the current steel dispute that price cuts accompanied by a temporary ceiling on wages and profits would be the ideal solution, for the steel industry and for the country.

Rather belatedly, there is now some reason to think that the Administration's economists have begun to heed outside criticism on this question of administered prices and inflation. In discussing the subject recently, Dr. Raymond J. Saulnier, chairman of the President's Council of Economic Advisers, seems to have struck a new note in the Administration's attitude; price stability will never be achieved, he said, unless some industries cut their prices, particularly those industries where productivity gains are particularly rapid. In such conditions, Dr. Saulnier went on, labor should accept wage increases amounting to less than the gains in productivity and prices should go down—a position that necessarily implies some kind of limit on profits as well as wages.

This is, of course, the point, and we would like to hear more about it from Administration spokesmen. For if pricing policies in the administered-price sectors of the economy are not overly sensitive to ups and down in supply and demand, these industries are sensitive to public and Congressional opinion. Dr. Saulnier, keeping up the Administration's position of neutrality in the current dispute, carefully refrained from saying whether his statement should be taken as referring specifically to the steel industry. But it seems obvious that this is precisely where the shoe pinches, and we hope steel management and labor will try it on for size.

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CHINA'S NEW PRODUCTON GOALS

THE FIRST feelings of relief over Communist China's admission that it had materially exaggerated its production figures for 1958 and consequently would cut down its immediate goals are giving way to second thoughts. It will be remembered that the Soviet Union greatly inflated similar reports, in the early course of its own Five Year plans, only to buckle down later to a more realistic program. Its more factual reporting has recorded great strides in agricultural productivity and in industrialization. Few observers would now deny that, perhaps for the first time in their history, the Russian people have enough to eat. And although Soviet industry continues to concentrate on defense materials at the expense of consumers' goods, Russian living standards continue to improve slowly but steadily.

More realistic figures on the part of Communist China, then, are actually a sign of growing maturity. They do not mean any lessening of the Party's determination or a slackening of the effort required of the hard-working Chinese masses. Even the communes are to be retained, if in a somewhat less drastic form. And it is doubtless important to regard China's current foreign adventures, with all risks involved, as an artificial stimulus and pretext for greater patriotic discipline and more exhausting physical labor. The abandonment of its much publicized small-furnace steel production as demonstrably impractical is but one more indication of China's unrelenting determination to become a great industrial power.

What Communist China has accomplished so far under forced draft is still impressive, even with the figures cut way down; and effective concentration on more limited and more practical production goals will in a matter of months offset whatever losses to national and ideological prestige result from these temporarily damaging admissions. On balance, those who hope that industrialization of the underdeveloped lands will proceed along democratic, rather than Communist, lines should find little in these revised figures to cheer about.

MEDICAL NEEDS

GROWTH of voluntary hospital and medical plans in this country in recent years has been remarkable. It is said that by now nearly three-quarters of the American people have come to carry some kind of health insurance—despite human lethargy and the somewhat reduced opposition of the American Medical Association to any sort of cooperative medicine. Many aspects of the present set-up are quite noteworthy. There is, for instance, the encouraging tendency of Blue Cross and Blue Shield to offer expanding services.

On the other hand, dissatisfaction with the program is quite marked. Many hospitals maintain that they cannot make ends meet on the basis of the sums allotted them as participants. Moreover, individual Blue Cross members have, on occasion, found themselves suddenly confronted with raises in their premiums that have gone as high as forty per cent to meet increased expenses.

Normally, hospital plan coverage does not foot the bill for long and chronic illnesses, doctors' bills, or medicines. On the average it takes care of about one-third of the over-all medical costs of those insured in this fashion. And there are wide variations in the extent of coverage provided by the union, employer and insurance company plans that account for so large a proportion of the Americans protected by some form of health insurance.

At least fifty million Americans have no coverage of this sort whatever. Numbered among them are the people most in need of medical attention, including the unemployed and those who have retired because of age or illness. Many in this latter group require increasing medical attention. There are also low-income families, who are least able to meet the drain occasioned by heavy medical expenses and are therefore dependent upon local clinics and, if they can obtain it, the care of some individual doctor known for his charity. It is a token of their difficulty in dealing with such matters that the low-income families that do make some provision for illness are the most numerous purchasers of individual commercial "health insurance" policies in which the overhead absorbs over fifty per cent of their ill-spared premiums.

Perhaps the current proposal to organize Blue Cross on a national basis with uniform rates would help to meet some of these deficiencies, but it would seem that there are too many Americans still in need of medical care, and not receiving it, for the more efficient operation of our contributory medical programs to supply much of the answer.

ALGERIAN HOPES

THE FIGHTING in Algeria keeps on, but there are significant alterations in the positions of both sides. The Algerian Nationalists are said to

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have relinquished their former demand for complete independence as a prerequisite for entering upon peace negotiations, and they are even willing to consider participating in such negotiations in France. De Gaulle, for his part, is reported to be advocating eventual self-determination instead of his former prescription of Algerian integration into metropolitan France. The French Army, however, continues to insist on "pacification" along present lines as a preliminary to a peace settlement; it actually conceives of itself as a civilizing force bringing not only civic order but substantial means of livelihood and effective instruments of French culture to a backward people whose traditional way of life must be modernized.

If the basis for peace is a little nearer, therefore, there is no doubt that the remaining differences are major ones. For one thing, it seems quite clear that the dominant French attitude toward this colonial people needs to be brought up to present-day realities.

UNDERSTANDING THE LEGION

WHAT DO those who live outside the United States make of the American Legion? It must be difficult for them to arrive at any kind of sensible analysis, for the Legion is at best a complicated organization.

There is, first of all, the aspect of the Legion most Americans probably know best of all—that of fun-loving conventioneers in overseas hats, welcomed by inn-keepers and regarded by the rest of the invaded population with rather mixed feelings, ranging from amused tolerance to outright annoyance at some of their more juvenile pranks. There is the American Legion as the manifestation of the "professional veteran," intent on keeping the line between civilian and veteran ever clear. There is the American Legion as the embodiment of sheer political power, in theory if not in fact, before whom national legislators are wary and local officials supine. There is the American Legion as a patriotic, sometimes even nationalistic, organization, and the Legion as a major center of anti-Communism, even if this is sometimes of the right-wing, everybody-else-is-out-of-step-but-us variety. And there is the American Legion as a dedicated, open-handed service group, enlisting the talents of generous and public-spirited men solicitous for the common good.

Most Americans, we suppose, take the Legion pretty much for granted, accepting the bad with the good, the convention exhibitionism and nationalistic excesses along with public service programs and real patriotism. But the Legion's most recent convention made us realize how hard it must be for those who are not Americans to make sense out of the whole Legion pattern.

During the convention proceedings, observers overseas saw something of the power of the Legion in national affairs when Vice President Nixon flew to Minneapolis in order to urge forbearance for the President's invitation to Mr. Khrushchev—a step dictated by the fact that the Legion follows a very "hard" anti-Communist line and wants no public policy that will give aid and comfort to Communism. And at the very same convention, those outside the United States could read, Legion delegates were asked to instruct the 40 & 8, its fun-making organization, to eliminate a racial restriction on membership in favor of integration on a voluntary basis; the present ban on Negroes, it was explained, was not only morally offensive but provided the Communists with another potent example of racial discrimination in America for propaganda use in Asia. "The Legion," the convention was told, "should be in the forefront of the fight to wipe out second- and third-class citizenship." It should indeed, but after listening to such pleas, the membership then went on the record—voting to keep the 40 & 8 ban on Negroes in force.

As we said in the beginning, the American Legion is a complicated organization. We cannot begin to explain it to those outside the United States, certainly, because we have real difficulty understanding it ourselves.

FURTHER ADVENTURES OF MR. GREENE

BEHIND THE larger headlines there are, frequently, the small news items that make space-fillers, sometimes amusing, sometimes illuminating. Today the headlines are filled, quite understandably, with news of Mr. Khrushchev's impending visit to these shores. But, according to Graham Greene, who has twice been denied entry to the U.S., there are some aspects of the visit which are not understandable.

"For any member of the Soviet Government a welcome is assured in America [but not] for anyone who, like myself, was for weeks at the age of nineteen a probationary member of the Communist Party." A telling point, we think, but we have as little hope as Mr. Greene probably does that he'll be heard in the front office.

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Creeping Inflation

We have created a new monster which is slowly undermining our social system and destroying the dollar

by EUGENE HAVAS

THE LAST WAR never seems to have ended as far as inflation is concerned. Most wars are traditionally followed by a serious deflationary cycle. After World War II, because of our dreadful experience with unemployment in the twenties and thirties, the United States was determined to prevent this development at all costs. In this aim we succeeded, but we have created a new monster, creeping inflation, which is slowly undermining our social system and destroying the purchasing power of the dollar.

Unless we want to become a nation of speculators, corrective measures are urgently needed to stop the continuous erosion of our currency. At stake are the credit of the United States government and our own savings. In July the Treasury had to pay four and three-quarters per cent for one-year notes, the highest rate in thirty-six years. Although we are the world's foremost creditor nation, the government's credit is far from the best. The Swiss government, for example, can borrow at three per cent, and foreign governments pay only four and one-half per cent for long-term loans in the Swiss markets.

With a Government debt of $285 billion, of which about $85 billion is maturing within twelve months, it is obvious that we cannot expect Europe or Asia to help with our debt financing. In the international money market, the dollar has lost its *primus inter pares* position, and foreign bankers in Europe and Asia no longer regard our currency as the safe monetary anchor they considered it to be only a few years ago. Our gold losses, though by no means alarming, and the deterioration of the credit of the U.S. are stark reminders that our present economic and financial policies are inadequate to cope with the crisis.

Lifting the debt and interest ceilings cannot by themselves cure the prevailing inflationary expectations. They must be accompanied by taxes which discourage —and economic regulation of basic industries which will reverse—these expectations. Unfortunately, there is no evidence that the Administration will introduce required fiscal measures along these lines, such as the excess profit tax, or reforms to plug loopholes in the tax laws such as those in connection with oil and mineral depletions.

PURSUING a disinflationary budgetary policy, the Administration has not been assisted by the concentrated industries like steel and automobiles which set the pattern for an inflationary trend in the economy. The excesses of the 1955-57 boom raised the wholesale price level by about eight per cent in five years. But prices did not come down in 1958 when business was going through a healthy readjustment. On the contrary, prices were raised in the administered-price sector of steel and automobiles, even though industry operated at only fifty per cent of capacity, and despite the fact that according to the classic economic theory of the free-market mechanism they should have come down.

These price raises were dictated by corporate interests in defiance of market conditions. As a result of this pricing policy, earnings in the steel and automobile companies for the first half of 1959 surpass total earnings for the year 1958 and have only served to whet the appetite of the labor leaders for a share of the increased profits of productivity for their union members. President Eisenhower did not help the fight against inflation when he failed to ask for price and profit cuts and when he called productivity increases passed on to labor non-inflationary. Now we have a steel strike which could have been averted, if only powerful corporate interests had rewarded the consumer with lower prices.

One of the worst characteristics of our present inflationary psychology is the misallocation of savings. On the one hand, money is being spent abroad to escape taxation. At the same time, over-investment is taking

Mr. Havas recently testified as a consulting economist before the Senate anti-trust and monopoly subcommittee.

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place at home in the huge, concentrated industries, which have ample financial power to pass on the cost of such over-investment to the consumer in the form of higher and higher prices.

Thus excess capacity in steel and automobiles is now well over thirty per cent of normal annual consumption. Apart from the financial burden which the defenseless consumer has to pay, unfortunate moral and social consequences inevitably result from this state of affairs. One example is provided right now by the steel dispute, in which industry is trying to use its excess productive capacity to impose its own terms on labor. If successful, this would mean that steel was excluding both its workers and its customers from the productivity gains obtained through improved efficiency which, in turn, derived in large part from the billions of dollars exacted from the consumer in the postwar period.

The steel industry says that any wage increase, whether resulting from increased productivity or not, would contribute to the inflationary spiral, because it would spread to other industries where productivity does not warrant wage increases. This is true, but the industry would be better able to claim that it is doing its share to fight inflation if it reduced the price of steel by at least $10 per ton. Such a reduction would still leave the industry with record profits, approximately twice what they earned before the repeal of the excess profits tax in 1954.

If steel were subject to regulation of the public utility type, as envisaged by Senator Gore, and profits were limited to six or seven per cent on invested capital, prices could be cut by approximately $20 per ton. Recently, the Interstate Commerce Commission ordered long distance telephone rates to be reduced by $50 million because American Telephone & Telegraph Co.'s earnings went above eight per cent of invested capital. This move may serve as a reminder that the authorities are not completely powerless against excessive profits in favored industries.

One thing is certain. The unholy alliance between big business and big labor, which permits prices to be raised three dollars for every dollar granted in increased wages, must come to an end. Inflated prices, such as $150 per ton of steel, must not only be checked but deflated. Holding the line is not enough, for steel prices are pattern-setting; if they are not rolled back, other industrial prices are bound to push upward toward the inflated level of steel and steel-consuming industries.

The steel industry, by charging $15 more per ton of steel than the parity of other industrial commodities, is taxing the consumer an extra $2 billion a year on the wholesale level and more than double that figure on the retail level. The story in the automobile industry and in the oil and chemical companies is very similar. In many cases, we taxpayers foot the bill for corporate gain. An example of corporate benefits at the expense of other taxpayers is the recent ruling of the Treasury permitting the distribution of General Motors stock held by the Du Pont Company without the payment of the accrued capital gain tax which would have amounted to $500 million.

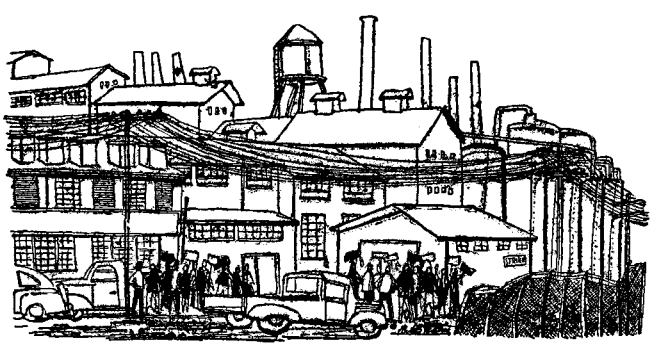
SIX MONTHS ago, the Secretary of the Treasury warned that if speculation is considered safe and saving is becoming a gamble, we are in trouble. When people see what the big corporations can achieve through use of legal loopholes, it is small wonder that the stock index went up more than ten per cent since Secretary Anderson spoke. In the same period the Government credit worsened by ten per cent, as shown by the yield of Treasury obligations.

The complaint by the steel industry that high wages are pricing American steel out of both domestic and foreign markets is not convincing. In reality, the high-pricing policy pursued by the steel industry involves leaving less profitable items to the cement, glass, aluminum, and other industries. Furthermore, the steel industry is directly or indirectly promoting these competing products from its own resources and is rapidly changing in structure from horizontal into vertical enterprises. As a result, the steel companies are becoming industrial empires, dominating the economy with their own form of price control.

There is today no market-determined free economy in the American steel industry, the organization of which is much like that of the pre-war German cartels. Yet the illusion of the free market persists.

There are some economists who lightly dismiss our creeping inflation because it is not at present the galloping type which destroyed the German mark both after the first and second world war. The Germans themselves, however, have learned their lesson; they know that the only way to prevent galloping inflation is to stop it at the beginning before it starts creeping.

Thus Dr. Erhard, the architect of German recovery, did not hesitate to fight for price stability, reducing tariffs and quotas, and encouraging imports in order to keep the price level from going up. Unfortunately, we did not follow Dr. Erhard's sensible policy in 1955, and we do not seem to be following it now when another inflationary boom is threatening our economy.



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During the hearings of the Kefauver Committee, Gardiner Means demonstrated that the wholesale price level, which rose eight per cent since 1953, would have remained stable, had it not been for the 38% increase in steel prices in the last five years. The wholesale commodity index of the Bureau of Labor Statistics shows a decline of almost one per cent in the last twelve months, but the cost of living index has started rising once again, and it should be noted that the wholesale index shows a decline only because an increase in industrial goods from 86.5 to 92.1 per cent was more than offset by a decline in food prices.

Even this lower index for agricultural goods does not altogether benefit the consumer. As a taxpayer he is bearing the full load of parity subsidies and other agricultural benefits, and these run into billions of dollars year after year. If a more normal balance between industrial and agricultural products is to be achieved, the only way it can be done is by substantial cuts in the administered industrial prices which are controlled by a relatively few big corporations.

TWO years ago in Great Britain, the Government appointed a committee of three "wise men" to review prices and productivity. In their last quarterly report, they stated that the economy could stand a cut in prices—and perhaps even some raises in pay. "If industrial prices of manufacturers could be reduced now," the report states, "the break in the inflationary spiral of the past could be prolonged and the economy would gain practical experience of how real incomes can be raised without pushing up money incomes."

This is precisely what we need in this country. It is a great pity that the President's Economic Council did not throw the full weight of its authority behind such a program in the steel and automobile industries, either in the 1958 recession or today, when the boom may explode in higher prices.

The British Council went further, telling the nation's industrialists "that the Government should particularly regret at this time" if prosperous companies were to pay higher dividends instead of cutting prices. This injunction, too, would be highly relevant here.

All our giant corporations in the steel, automobile, chemical and oil industries have raised their dividends far in excess of wage raises. Stock quotations for leading issues like U.S. Steel and Standard Oil of New Jersey are about ten times higher than they were ten years ago. Since most top executives of these companies have stock options, they have a direct interest in higher profits, higher dividends, and higher stock prices. In effect, these chosen few in management have a free ride on inflation because they exercise their options only if the stocks have risen.

The chief executives of the U.S. Steel Corporation, for example, obtained a gain of one hundred per cent on the stock options granted to them last year, when production was low and stock prices were selling half of the present level. The options granted in 1953 at $18.50 per share have increased in value more than five hundred per cent, since the stock is now selling above $100. Free rides on inflation of this kind are aided by our present tax laws because the gains realized are taxed at only the twenty-five per cent capital gain rates.

Another phenomenon which is characteristic of great inflationary expectations is the stock split, a device which serves very effectively to camouflage the magnitude of the dividend. U.S. Steel Corporation stock selling at $100 per share has a par value of $16 2/3 only because since 1949 each share was split from one to six; as a result, the $3 annual dividend is really $18 per $100 of original investment. Ten years ago this original investment of $100 was worth only $60; today it is worth $600.

Is this kind of reward for a favored few in our industrial organizations in keeping with our concept of social justice? Is it not time for men of character and courage in high office to remind our industrial leaders of their duties to the rest of the community, the way the British Royal Commission did? Senator Fulbright realized this kind of inflationary profiteering was going on early in 1955. Unfortunately his investigations did not lead to concrete results, because in times of prosperity so many of our people hope to share in the corporate paradise.

Some analysts dismiss current inflationary danger signals, asserting that economic progress must be accompanied by higher prices. But this argument would have validity only if in recessionary periods the forces of the free market were permitted to bring prices down and thus restore the balance of the economy. Inflation is a fact which cannot be ignored. The main question before us right now is: can we stop this new kind of inflation, originating in an economy which is dominated by the big corporation and the big union and in which the majority of our people have no voice at the bargaining table?

We must realize, as the Germans and the British found out in 1955 and in 1957, that traditional monetary policy alone is not enough to cure inflation. The sooner we get rid of the notion once and for all that a strong Federal Reserve policy is a cure-all for all inflationary pressure, the better. But if the Federal government is willing, not only to follow those budgetary and fiscal measures that are generally accepted, but to use public utility-type regulation or to tax corporations' excess profits, as it did before 1954, then there is hope that the purchasing power of the dollar can remain stable. Only in that case will people once again buy Government bonds for investments and not scramble for stocks as a better means to protect their savings.

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RETURN TO ROME

IT IS MORE than a decade now since I saw this city for the first time. From the moment I set foot on Roman streets I felt strangely, mysteriously content, like a man who had come home after a long exile. It was love at first sight. I have managed to return five times since, but the enchantment remains.

Rome has a vitality, an electric excitement that is uniquely its own. Though the stranger stay for days, weeks, months or even years, he can never quite get used to the wonder of it. At least this stranger can not.

This time we brought the children with us, and even the younger ones seem to have caught a little of the sense of history which true Romans bear as easily as their names. A walk around town with the children is like taking them on a tour of the centuries.

They visit the Coliseum, the Forum or the Pantheon, and antiquity takes on a reality for them which no teacher, lecture or television program could possibly achieve. From a visit to the catacombs, combined with stops at the great basilicas, they are learning something of the triumph of Christianity. After a tour of the Gesu Church one can lecture them shamelessly on baroque architecture, the Counter Reformation and the history of the Jesuits. When they ask why the broad avenue leading up to Saint Peter's is called the Via Conciliazione, it is clearly the time to tell them about the vexatious Roman Question and to explain the agreement reached in 1929 which created Vatican City.

When they see barefoot friars, some of them as disreputable looking as Bowery vagabonds, who go begging in the streets, the restaurants and cafes, they learn, maybe for the first time, that their Church does not frown on mendicancy. As Sean O'Faolain has pointed out, we who are used to seeing poor men beg from monks are stopped short when we see the shoe (or the sandal) on the other foot.

It is good for the children to learn these lessons. Slowly they are coming to realize that Catholicism has a hundred faces and that in their own country they see only one of them.

Though some things remain unchanged, Rome is certainly not changeless. It is its contemporaneity rather than its timelessness (or is it both?) which keeps it the most vibrant capital in the Western world. I know that the city has changed in many ways since I first came here in 1948. Today, for instance, its people are much better dressed, and fashionably dressed, too. At first I thought that they looked much more American than they used to but my wife pointed out that the opposite is probably more true. Americans now look more Italian, for Italian styles in clothes and coiffeurs are now flourishing in the United States.

A decade ago there seemed to be no traffic problem, but today, though the natives seem to manage it effortlessly, a stranger takes his life into his hands crossing the streets. Rome is infested with Fiats, hundreds of them and all busy and shining as garden bugs, for the Italians are inordinately proud of their *macchine* and polish them incessantly. The little cars do not seem as strange as they once did, for like the hairdos, the sport shirts, the pizza pies and exuberant strains of *Volare,* the taste for them has also been imported to American shores. But the jukebox, which is becoming an Italian fixture, moved from us to them.

It would be hard to say whether America is being Italianized or Italy is being Americanized at a greater pace. But, for all the similarities, there are profound differences.

Rome, for instance, is still a Catholic city, though it probably has a smaller proportion of church-going Catholics than New York or San Francisco. The very air is Catholic air. Even if there were not churches by the hundreds, all ornately Catholic and often several in a single block, and even if the street shrines honoring the Madonna which are to be found on almost every corner were suddenly to be removed, one would still know that he was living in a culture shaped by the Catholic genius. The absence of Puritanism (except among the French-influenced dévots), the joyous acceptance of life and shameless glorification of man are evident on all sides.

The very language has been informed by Catholic theological concepts. When, for instance, one wants to say "too bad" or "Isn't it a shame?" one uses the word for sin, the disorder in the universe, and attributes the most trifling mishap to the primal tragedy.

But though the Catholic tradition in the concrete is universally appealing, charming even the most dour predestinationist, it is easily misunderstood and often hopelessly misinterpreted. How many American journalists, for instance, in writing about Italy, mistake irreverence for impiety, or cynicism for skepticism, or religious playfulness for superstition. The trouble is that the Italians are so sophisticated, even the illiterate among them, that it seems at times as if they have made a national sport of tricking those who come to study them.

On this visit I am learning more about them every day, but I do not know enough yet to write with even a pretense of knowledgeability. Italy is like a beautiful woman with a thousand tricks up her sleeve, and her charms are never more deadly than they are for the man who thinks he knows how to explain them.

JOHN COGLEY.

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The problem now lies
right on the United States' doorstep

The Arab Refugees

by JAMES D. PICTON

WHAT TO DO with nine hundred thousand Arab refugees is a problem as acute today as it was nearly a dozen years ago when the Palestinians lost their homes in Israel. And, like many other problems that seemed so remote from North America before the war, this one now lies right on the doorstep of the United States.

Twelve years have transformed the Palestinians and made them vitally important to the United States. No longer are they illiterate peasants believing in the almightiness of Allah, the village sheik and the country's powerful families. Literacy has shot up, thanks to modern education provided for every refugee child by the United Nations Relief and Works Agency for Palestine Refugees (U.N.R.W.A.). Political consciousness is at a peak. Their grievance—Israel—still exists, and, what is more, they have a leader, Gamal Abdul Nasser. Here is what this adds up to for Americans.

In Jordan, where former Palestinians make up more than half the country's population, the refugees are a major political problem. So powerful were the refugees that until King Hussein used the iron hand of his loyal Jordanian army to quell them, they were able to pull down government after government by riot and demonstration. And there are many ardent and well-trained Communists among the once proud people of Palestine ready to demonstrate their solutions to refugee problems.

In Lebanon, meanwhile, many have accused the refugees of being a major factor in the uprising that culminated last summer with the landing of the U.S. troops. Only in Syria and Egypt (U.A.R.), the remaining Arab countries having refugee camps, have the Palestinians not been a serious political problem. And this is because of Nasser's firm hand in Egypt, and the small number of refugeees living in Syria.

In other Arab countries the refugee problem is also serious, but in another way. Take Kuwait, for example, with one of the largest oil reserves in the world and one of the smallest, most backward populations. Twenty-five thousand Palestinians live and work there (mainly as teachers), carrying with them ideas as mild as extreme Arab nationalism and as extreme as rampant fascism and Communism. The same story can be told all around the oil-rich Persian Gulf: in Bahrain, in Saudi Arabia and in Qatar. Iraq could have been added to that a year ago.

All this does not mean the Arab refugees are our unswerving enemies. But it does mean that America's interests in smooth, stable development of the Middle East are closely tied up with what happens to the Palestinians.

MOST DIRECTLY concerned with refugee problems is the United Nations Relief and Works Agency. It was founded in 1950 to give temporary relief to the refugees and to carry out projects designed to resettle the refugees in five years time. At the end of those five years roughly fifteen thousand refugees had been resettled and the U.N. extended U.N.R.W.A.'s charter another five years. In June, 1960, its charter will again run out. What will come next?

Mr. Hammarskjold's recommendations, to be discussed at this year's session of the Assembly, are now published. They call for a continuation of U.N.R.W.A. "pending the reintegration of the refugees into the economic life of the Near East, either by repatriation or resettlement." This is what they said in 1950 when U.N.R.W.A. was organized. Until this day only twenty thousand out of nine hundred thousand refugees have been "reintegrated." The Secretary General, nevertheless, gives his "strong and unreserved" recommendation for the continuation of United Nations activities in support of the refugees "for all the time and to all the extent necessary."

Now how does all this affect the United States? The answer can be summarized by answering three questions. What happens if U.N. support continues? What happens if it stops? And what happens in alternative solutions?

If the U.N. support continues, America will certainly pay for most of it, and perhaps even more than the roughly seventy per cent of U.N.R.W.A.'s $31 million budget the U.S. has paid heretofore. But of

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all the bureaucracies this correspondent has seen in the Middle East, U.N.R.W.A. seems to be about the most efficient. Furthermore, it seems to do what most foreign sponsored groups—business or governmental—frequently fail to do. It gets the best of both worlds, Middle Eastern and Western. For the Arab and international staffs strive, usually with great mutual respect and confidence, to cope with local practices on one hand, and to benefit by international standards of efficiency and honesty on the other.

BY SUPPLYING the basic needs of the refugees, U.N.R.W.A. keeps them relatively quiet. If U.N.R.W.A. stopped, and this answers alternative number two, quick chaos would surely follow. Here is a run-down of what might happen in Jordan, for instance, and in other Arab countries having camps if U.N.R.W.A. stopped. The Hashemite Kingdom (of Jordan) hasn't the resources to feed its original citizens (those east of the River Jordan) let alone cope with its 750,000 west bank (Palestinian) citizens, refugees and otherwise.

The United States is already paying nearly all of Jordan's budget to keep the country from falling into anarchy and its unpredictable and probably undesirable aftermaths. If U.N.R.W.A. stopped feeding the refugees the Jordanian government—i.e., the American taxpayer—would have to carry the whole refugee burden in Jordan.

Lebanese Christians shudder at the prospect of resettling the predominantly Moslem refugees in their country, where they now, supposedly, have a small Christian majority (though even this is open to a lot of question since no census is allowed). The Moslem refugees would sink Christian Lebanon in the Moslem Middle East sea. And a much more bloody fight than last summer's would surely occur before such a thing took place. Moreover, the Lebanese government could never on its own resources feed its 129,000 Palestine refugees. If U.N.R.W.A. ceased the Lebanese would need specific refugee aid from, once again, the United States.

The most concentrated conglomeration of Arab Refugees is in the Gaza Strip. Technically an independent area under Egyptian (U.A.R.) protection, it actually has very little local autonomy. Three hundred and thirty thousand Palestinians live in this area, roughly twenty-five by five miles in size. Directly, or indirectly, most of these people depend on U.N.R.W.A. Not more than a few thousand people could ever get a living out of the Strip in the best of conditions. Two hundred thousand people would have to die or move away if U.N.R.W.A. stopped in Gaza. And where could they move? To the Nile Valley? That is one thing Egypt has plenty of—people.

Syria—or the Northern Region of the United Arab Republic—is the only country really capable of absorbing their Palestinian refugees. They categorically refuse, however, on the political grounds that the refugees should be returned to their homes. Meanwhile, they are the most difficult government, after the Egyptians in Gaza, with which U.N.R.W.A. has to deal.

THERE EXISTS another alternative to resettlement of the refugees in the event of U.N.R.W.A.'s demise: repatriation in Israel The Israelis have refused to take back Arab refugees for reasons that have differed during the last dozen years. Need to consolidate their country came first; then the fact that the refugees' homes ceased to exist or were occupied by Jews; then that the Arab couldn't integrate into the Israeli society economically or culturally; and through it all the claim that the Arabs would be a hostile, anti-social source of espionage in the middle of the Israeli state.

Any suggestion that Israel take back even a small percentage of the refugees has always been linked with Israeli demands for a general peace settlement. Even very moderate Arabs shy away from any peace settlement with the Israelis while the Arabs lack the force they consider necessary to compel them to keep their side of the bargain.

No one here trusts or relies on the U.N. or the principal Western powers to ensure a peace settlement where the Israeli's are concerned. And a searching analysis of recent history leads one to understand Arab suspicions of Western policies toward Israel and her neighbors. This seems to be one of the most lamentable aspects of any search for an early solution to Middle Eastern problems. Be that as it may, all this adds up to one thing that is agreed upon whenever the refugees are discussed out here: U.N.R.W.A., or some substitute, must go on.

There is no easy solution to the Arab-Israeli quarrel foreseeable. One almost feels that efforts toward an early solution are misdirected. There will never be peace in the Middle East while the Israelis are capable, as they are today, of dominating the area economically, militarily, and politically. The Arabs feel they must keep up their isolation of Israel or lose everything.

When they pile up more of the elements of national power they will be more willing to negotiate with Israel. Talk of solutions before that is futile and it only causes trouble. The immediate job in the Middle East is to keep peaceful development (of all kinds) going. For, if Middle East peace goes, as it temporarily did in 1956, who can confidently predict what will happen to the world as a whole? And it is not exaggeration to say that U.N.R.W.A. is one of the key forces maintaining the Middle East's shaky equilibrium.

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Catholics at the Crossroads

by THOMAS F. O'DEA

THERE IS an exegesis on the second and third chapters of Genesis interpreting the Fall as the awakening of reflexive self-consciousness. In eating of the Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil, man destroyed what up to then had been an unconscious harmony between himself and an equally unconscious nature. According to this view, man's awareness both separates him from nature and alienates him from being. From it derive both his preeminence and his suffering.

Although one recognizes a certain profundity in this insight, one is immediately aware of its radical incompatibility with the Christian view of things. The confrontation of secular knowledge from Justin to Teilhard de Chardin is testimony to the Catholic rejection of this perversely inviting pessimism. It is this rejection that enables Father Walter J. Ong, S.J. to declare that "man is the cosmos granted consciousness of itself," and to espouse the mature embracing of awareness by the Catholic as the basic need of the moment. (*American Catholic Crossroads: Religious-Secular Encounters in the Modern World*. Macmillan. $3.50.)

Father Ong has written a learned book, even a wise book and one that explores many facets of the encounter. It should be widely read, especially perhaps by those engaged in Catholic educational administration. Yet the intellectual Catholic will suffer some disappointment. For it is also a strangely discursive book. It never goes so far into the problems as the reader is led to expect. And nowhere is this so paradoxically true as in the last two chapters where there is real consideration of the way these problems enter concretely into American Catholic life. Too often kindly exhortation masks for the neutral analysis that would have been more helpful.

It is not that the author lacks courage. Far from it, for it takes intellectual courage to point up the significance of Father Teilhard at the time when some of his colleagues appear to be scurrying to forget the man and his meaning. But in Father Ong's work one is struck by a lack of urgency, and this lack seems to deny the presence of anguish. Father Ong seems to be at home in every cranny of the intellectual world and is even able to say, "The Christian is at home in the world of secular learning." But is it not central to the modern Christian dilemma that one cannot quite feel so comfortably at home there? Does the encounter entail no shocks? Does the response require simply the delineation of policy?

THE EXEGESIS to which I have alluded, for all that it may have ancient antecedents, is a very modern one, and dramatizes the plight of the modern intellectual. It is especially objectionable to thinking Catholics, I suppose, because it would imply that salvation from the Fall and its consequences involves an abandonment of awareness with its risks and suffering, and the reestablishment of an unconscious peace—a peace surpassing all understanding in a most heretical sense.

Father Ong calls our attention to that most important *prise de conscience* of modernity, man as an evolving being in an evolving universe. He invites us to contemplate change in all its implications which so obscurely open up before us. He points to the inescapable verdict of incompleteness, qualitatively and quantitatively, which the historical sense passes upon all our most fundamental conceptualizations.

Man is embedded in cultures, and his perspectives upon reality are selective and affected by his spatial and temporal location. This fact is to be seen not only in his concepts and literary forms, but also in the very texture of his languages. His awareness, including his self-awareness, evolves and changes, his thought models lose their interior grip and their exterior utility. His very selfhood, built up within specific cultural contexts, undergoes a succession of metamorphoses. And revelation, in "lodging" itself in the human situation, cannot but partake of the characteristics of man and culture. Scriptural research has made that more than clear.

That Christians may feel anxiety in this situation, that like Pascal they may tremble before the open universe, is something that Father Ong seems not to take into account. Yet modern unbelievers have indeed suffered the anguish and have made poignant confession of it. For modern man is not simply a stranger and a pilgrim in the traditional sense. He is more like Camus's stranger, who achieves peace only in a final

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gesture of inner detachment from a cosmos denuded of every last connotation of creatureliness. For what is man in a desacralized universe? And is God (whatever the god of such a universe may be) indeed mindful of him? Must we not admit that the increasing awareness of our times has raised this question in as terrifying a form as anything Pascal knew?

Does not the irony of our situation consist in the fact that Western man, at the time of his most magnificent achievements, has come to feel that he is losing his grip on meaning itself? Has not accomplishment brought the anxious accompaniment of alienation? Is modern apostasy merely the result of inadequate policy by churchmen or is there not a deeper sifting taking place? To be vulgarly practical, is there not an element of truth in the charge that we do not take the initiative from world Communism because we do not really know who we are and where we are headed?

We have the riches of a profound heritage and the affluence of a scientific technology, but are not most of our public utterances about what we call vacuously "the good life" either platitudes or, worse still, ambiguities, whose troublesomeness we prefer to pass over? Do we not, as A. N. Whitehead said of Tennyson, move all around the basic issues without ever coming to the position of level confrontation? Is there not some basic distraction at the core of our thought and feeling?

For if ours is an age of awareness, as Father Ong rightly insists, it is also, and necessarily perhaps, an age of defense mechanisms against awareness. If ours is an age characterized by keenness of historical insight, it is at the same time an age marked by frantic attempts to escape history—to escape into unthought-out conservatisms, old and new, or presumably timeless "scientific" conceptualizations—and by frenetic efforts to stop or reverse the historical movement itself.

It is true that we—not simply Christians but all modern men—must face this encounter, but is it not the beginning of a failure of confrontation to pretend that it can be done with a methodical equanimity? Perhaps the mistake is to see the evolution of awareness too exclusively in intellectual and too little in psychological terms. Perhaps the upsetting effect of placing implicit certitudes in new and strange intellectual contexts is not realized. It is not that anything new opposes anything old with the clear and distinct contradictions of traditional logic. It is just that everything is, in Donne's words, left "all in peeces, all cohaerence gone."

Since personality is developed, and its dynamic equilibria maintained, in reciprocal relationship to the world around, a terribly fundamental insecurity is introduced into the center of personal existence. Perhaps the centrality to the human personality of what is called in social science jargon "the definition of the situation," meaning here the total human situation, is insufficiently grasped. How many of the values modern men profess, religious and secular alike, are really unexamined ambiguities? And consequently what degree of unconscious irresponsibility has wormed its way into our souls on the backs of the corresponding ambivalences? For we have all met the encounter badly. It seems that either we give way to vertigo or we foreshorten our view to retain what seems a serviceable posture.

I HAPPENED recently to look over a much older book, and one which intellectual Catholics of our day may consider outmoded—Chesterton's *The Everlasting Man*. Whitehead once said that Aristotle stated all the half-truths necessary for the foundation of science. Perhaps it is unjust to Chesterton to say that his book sets forth all the half-truths required as the basis of a Christian humanism. It may possibly do much more, but that much it does admirably. Yet there is a great danger in it, as Chesterton explicitly recognized in his two appendices. Were these half-truths to be taken as sufficient in themselves, the very humanism so ably presented would be deformed into a doctrinaire illiberality. Yet who can deny that many modern developments in thought present the equally disturbing possibility of losing essential building blocks of any adequate definition of man?

In this encounter we are in fact tempted to a choice between two equally certain paths to destruction. We are in danger of being driven to a dogmatically illiberal humanism (possibly masking as a "Christian humanism") in order to save the heritage we see being dissipated, or in another mood we are tempted to embrace a rootless and self-mutilating "scientism" (possibly in the guise of an "enlightened humanism") in which fundamental core truths may be lost altogether.

This is not primarily a Christian problem. Indeed it is a post-Christian predicament, but the Christian is involved because he lives in what is in certain fundamental respects a post-Christian world. For him, however, it raises special problems. In the very heart of this modern experience there arises anew in the post-Christian world the paradox of faith which St. Paul had experienced in the pre-Christian world.

Can modern man put together the elements which increasing awareness has placed before his mind? Can he relate the everlasting man to evolving, partly mastering, partly alienated man? He must indeed, but what disturbing lacunae will the reciprocal qualifications reveal? And in the process is it not likely, to use Donne's terms again, that all things will be called in doubt?

Yet Christians must face all the elements of our increasing awareness, for to be beguiled into accepting either alternative of this temptation will reveal that they have secretly come to believe the heretical inter-

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pretations of Genesis they have explicitly rejected. To accept a doctrinaire defensiveness, even in the name of humanism, will but affirm that we hold awareness an evil, that we consider it the source of our misery and that we would curtail and constrain it to save ourselves. On the other hand, to accept a shallow "scientism" implying a foreshortened definition of man (or seriously to compromise with it in the name of humanism) will be to reveal that we believe that awareness inevitably involves alienation. Relation to being, we shall be saying in effect, is an illusion of the mythic mentality. It is a dream, and having awakened, let us put behind us the world of dreams. Away with it! Let us not whimper. We shall be stoical in the face of our cosmic aloneness.

THERE IS a great irony in all this. For if the first choice truncates man in his essential cognitive faculties in the name of humanism, the second decrees whole areas of human awareness out of bounds to the enlightened in the presumed interest of enlightenment. Each tends to degenerate into a noisy sectarianism bravely singing its hymns through the night of doubt and sorrow.

Some who call themselves Catholic do in fact take disguised forms of the first position, despite their formal acceptance of Catholic counter values. They may indeed justify it as a pastoral concern to shield the little ones from scandal. Some who call themselves humanists are in fact deceived by the second, despite conscious allegiance to the liberal tradition. But the Christian—and indeed not only he, but all men who would be fully human—must reject this double seduction in all its subtle forms. He must accept, regardless of consequences, the Socratic conviction that to be awake is better than to be asleep. Like Kant, he must "dare to know." The gadfly, it would appear, was not given for our comfort.

Our modern technology has placed us upon the threshold of a social transformation unprecedented since men first settled down to exploit a newly discovered agriculture. At the same time we find ourselves midstream in an intellectual revolution likely to be most disrupting to human security. It is one of the weaknesses of the Ong book that despite the large scope of its discussion it nowhere faces the connections between these two revolutions. For our modern situation is characterized by the requirements of building stable human communities upon a continually self-transforming ecological base, while at the same time our increasing awareness and mastery over our environment plunges us into a fluid and dynamically changing cultural situation.

This condition suggests the magnitude of the tasks that face contemporary education at all levels. It would appear that Catholic education, like the Catholic himself, has special additional tasks in the face of it. Catholicism must understand the implications of its own message for the new situation of man, and it can do this only if Catholics participate in serious intellectual and scientific work. Father Ong's discussion of what is involved in such an understanding is quite helpful. His plea for a mature and creative "university theology" to complement the apologetic and pastoral theology of the seminary is most significant in this respect, and he suggests many lines of thought worthy of its exploration.

In the face of this modern encounter, one massive fact remains. If the American Catholic in terms of his Catholic values should be more committed to the modern intellectual adventure than his fellows, and if in spite of this imperative he is not—and that is what Father Ong's book implies—what is the explanation? Is it merely smug conventionality of thought? Is it merely nearness to immigrant status? Is it simply a matter of social class and European peasant background? Is it only because of the disabilities of a minority? Is it basically but a cultural lag? Or is it not possibly that lurking beneath all of these will be found anxiety—perhaps unconscious anxiety—before the disorienting and undoing effects of the encounter? May not that after all be the basic reason for the desire of so many for protective intellectual and social structures?

How Shall I Measure You

in words?
I have thumbed mind's pages
Of similes and metaphors.
You are not there.

You are so close to me . . .
My very heartbeat
Was set by the pendulum of your own.
Even God looked for the source of my years
In your will;
For in beginning, I am you
And thought of God.

It trembles my sure course
That my thoughts do not pursue you more
And yet,
Never does a soul reflect,
"Think now of self, and love."
It is too close, and such are you.
One does not trouble over sureties;
That God still lives,
Air's stacked upon our hills,
Or that you care.

How shall I measure you in words?

SISTER MARY TIMOTHY, S.S.N.D.

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THE SCREEN

LAURENCE IN AMERICA

SINCE I WAS never overly fond of George Bernard Shaw's "The Devil's Disciple," I did not approach the movie version with great expectations, but neither did I expect the unshavian mishmash that Producer Harold Hecht turned out. The script has some of Shaw's lines and ideas about goodness and bravery being found in unlikely persons (even in Dick Dudgeon, a freethinker thought by the Puritans to be in league with the Devil). And the film still has the brilliant trial scene in which Dick, being tried by mistake for Parson Anthony Anderson, exchanges snappy repartee with General Burgoyne and other Redcoat officers who have come to the Colonies in 1777 to put these uncouth Americans in their place. Except for occasional Shaw flashes amidst the rewritten lines and added scenes, the movie is confused and dull and hardly accounts for all the talent that went into its making.

Shaw would probably have been pleased with the performance of Laurence Olivier as General Burgoyne, the suave, wise-cracking, somewhat cynical "Gentleman Johnny" who looks down his nose at these uncultured rebels but who has some understanding of their point of view. Olivier's fine diction and elegant manners are in perfect contrast to those of his gauche aide (Harry Andrews) and those of the two lively and muscular Americans who play the lead roles (Burt Lancaster and Kirk Douglas). As Parson Anthony Anderson, Lancaster portrays the quiet American who finally puts aside his prayer book to become a man of action. Kirk Douglas, in the meantime, as that scamp Dick Dudgeon, proves himself quite a hero as well as a lively thinker in his exchanges with Burgoyne. The supporting cast, which includes and wastes Eva LeGallienne, is so-so. Shaw probably would have been the first to admit that his talky play with all its witty satire on things historical presented quite a challenge to the cinematic medium. And he would also have been quick to point out that this film has clearly failed to meet it.

A CENTURY later America still had uncouth but determined backwoods characters. Three of them are played by Clint Walker, Edward Byrnes and John Russell (actors better known for their T.V. appearances) in "Yellowstone Kelly," a frontier movie based on Clay Fisher's book about Luther S. Kelly. Walker plays Kelly, a trapper whose sympathies are with the Indians and who refuses to help the U.S. Cavalry drive the Sioux out of their country. Byrnes (very popular now with youthful T.V. watchers for his jive talk and hair-combing activities on "77 Sunset Strip") portrays Kelly's naive young assistant. Their adventures include run-ins with the stubborn Cavalry and run-ins with the Sioux who are equally stubborn, but whose chief (Russell) isn't too bad.

After Kelly saves the life of a beautiful Indian maiden (Andra Martin), he has his hands full. For the girl moves into his cabin to recover, and the Sioux chief and a mean brave (Ray Danton) are not happy about it. What with these two Indians being in love with the girl, and then Kelly and his young assistant falling too, things get complicated. "Yellowstone Kelly," well-enough acted under Director Gordon Douglas, has some stunning scenery in Technicolor, and the distinction of Burt Kennedy's good script which speaks up sanely on the subject of miscegenation.

A SORT OF minor "Marty," "The Rabbit Trap" is about a nice, happily married Casper Milquetoast who's taken just about enough pushing around from his boss. The role is well played by Ernest Borgnine but the movie is mainly an episode: the turning of the worm. Before Ernest was called back from his vacation by his thoughtless boss (David Brian), he and his little boy set a rabbit trap; and it isn't until they make the long drive home that they remember the trap—with, perhaps, a rabbit in it. In the following days the little boy frets—and Ernest frets, disillusioned with himself.

The symbolism becomes increasingly obvious but Director Philip Leacock, using his good cast well, keeps his audience interested. Bethel Leslie is likable as Ernest's patient and loving wife; and Kevin Corcoran is excellent as the little boy who's determined to return to the trap to set the rabbit, if any, free. Although the whole picture seems much like a T.V. play, which indeed it was and which Scriptwriter J. P. Miller overexpanded into a movie, it is still worth seeing. Ernest Borgnine successfully makes the underdog a real person.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

COMMUNICATIONS

THE APOCALYPSE

Conception Abbey, Mo.

TO THE EDITORS: In your issue of July 17 Mr. Philip Burnham describes as "excellent" Msgr. James H. Culleton's *Key to the Apocalypse*. This beautifully bound, 31-page pamphlet, selling for $1.50, is intended for those making their first steps towards an understanding of the Apocalypse, and I find it very hard to share the enthusiasm of Mr. Burnham regarding it. Here are my reasons:

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First of all, the price is far out of proportion to the few pages of "key" material. Most of one's money is here invested in a handsome cover.

Secondly, the author, as laudable as his interests may be, is nonetheless out of touch with the main currents of Catholic biblical studies, and, more seriously, with the papal directives governing these studies. His statement that "there is no evidence that the Beloved Disciple planned the book, and every internal reason to believe the plan divine" could hardly be accepted by anyone who has studied the notions of "inspired writer" and of "literary form" as outlined and made imperative by the late Pius XII in his 1943 biblical encyclical. This correspondent, in company with most Catholic scholars, would assert that the Apocalypse, even though setting forth the substance of a vision, was *most carefully planned;* that the author, furthermore, chose a literary form of expression that was widely used in his time, viz. the "apocalyptic"; and that his vision was couched in Old Testament imagery with set purpose—all of this being contrary to the suggestions of Msgr. Culleton. There are many other positions which are quite at variance with standard Catholic exegetical works on the Apocalypse, but it would take more than a 31-page pamphlet to explain fully how and why. The most valuable portion of this booklet is the outline-plan, which is, however, copied verbatim from a work already published by competent Catholic scholars.

Thirdly, for a sixth of the price asked here, readers may acquire the excellent 44-page K-C pamphlet, #51, by Bruce Vawter, C. M., entitled *Revelation: a Divine Message of Hope.* (Supreme Council of the K. of C.; 4422 Lindell Blvd., St. Louis 8, Mo.) Comparison of these two booklets quickly reveals who is really unlocking the Apocalypse.

While on this subject, it might be of service to Commonweal readers to point out that the newly published *Apocalypse of St. John,* by H. M. Feret, O. P. (Newman) has been horribly translated into English. One of our best American Scripture specialists refers to it as a "distortion" of the valuable French original, and concludes with this remark: "Would it not be magnificent proof of good faith if the publishers of this book recalled it and refunded the money to those who already purchased it?" *(Catholic Biblical Quarterly,* April, 1959.)

To popularize Sacred Scripture is a worthy and much needed apostolate—but we must insist on solid and competent popularization, drawing upon the best conclusions of Catholic scholarship—a scholarship that functions according to the directives of the Holy See. Just as we believe that Father Vawter's pamphlet eminently meets these requirements, so likewise we believe that the books by Msgr. Culleton and Père Feret's translator have not met them and are consequently misleading for those who wish to understand what is admittedly one of the most difficult, but also most important, Books of Sacred Scripture.

(Dom) IGNATIUS HUNT, O.S.B.

"THE PROFESSOR'S VOCATION"

Monterey, Mass.

TO THE EDITORS: I feel great sympathy with Frederick D. Wilhelmsen's "The Professor's Vocation, (June 26). I fear he, and his fellow scholars, will think me intolerably patronizing and will thoroughly resent my coming to their defense—but I think the liberal journals may be able to do a service to scholarship.

My reaction was one of great protectiveness. I do not want to see these professing scholars leaving the universities, possibly scattering, with the idea that they can pursue their studies in isolation and pass on their knowledge by writing. It seems likely that they owe a great deal to stimulation from each other, moral support, cooperation and criticism. In the little world of the colleges and universities they have prestige, even a sort of fame, that would vanish soon if they left, and that they would miss more than they realize.

There have been editors, and their staffs, who, after some inter-mural row, have left in a huff to be free-lance writers, and after an unhappy two or three years have returned to editorial posts, having discovered not only that they could not earn as much as writers, but that the lives of writers are lonely and unstimulating. It is one thing for a professor to squeeze in a book now and then, another to depend on free-lance writing. I have done the latter myself at various periods of my life, and when the annual appeal to contribute to the Alumnae Fund for increases in professorial salaries came around, smiled ironically as I wrote my tiny check. For, according to the statistics given, the teachers were very much better off than I.

For another reason, too, I want these professors to be kept happy where they are. Though I am not courageous enough to say that the education of students is not the main business of a university, at one time it was not, and it is still not the only function the university performs. The other is the constant increase and maintenance of a body of knowledge. Though at present it is easier for the public to see that something may come of the researches of a physicist, scholars in the humanities may also perform services beyond our powers to imagine. I have been reading C. W. Ceram's *The Secret of the Hittites,* which tells how linguists succeeded in learning to read an unknown language in an unknown alphabet of a long-vanished people. The thing that amazed me was the large number of men able to devote time to this. When one asks where one would find such men, and who would support them, the only answer seems to be: the universities.

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It may be that the professor whose subject is education must inevitably make his experiments in the direction of improving education and must find some solution to the problem of what to do with the enormous number of students who are sent to college because their parents admire the end-result of education, as demonstrated in the alumni, but who have no particular desire to have their children imbibe the learning of the scholars. But I feel that exposure to the dedicated specialist is, in a highly specialized age, a salutary experience. Anything might come of it.

MARGERY MANSFIELD.

"THE IMAGINATION AT BAY"

Ottawa, Ont.

TO THE EDITORS: I don't think that Thomas F. Curley's "The Imagination at Bay" [Aug. 14] can be described as "amusing" or even "annoying." Some stronger terms should be found for it, but since in a matter of such importance railing seems out of place, I would like to introduce Mr. Curley, as dispassionately as may be, to a somewhat different point of view:

(1) The Literary Review can be dismissed as a minor aberration of our times. It is a vehicle of literary pretentiousness and will lead no one except the grossly self-deluded and a few hapless students of North American Universities.

(2) To say that "man has created a world he can no longer talk about" is nonsense on the surface, and the writer's underlying meaning is obscure.

(3) Mr. Curley seems to be asserting that the modern poem or novel often does not make sense because "the modern, man-made world does not make sense." Some confusion about the nature of art seems to be involved here. As far as art is concerned "the eternal questions" must indeed be "put and given in time"; but they must be put and given artistically, by artists.

This point might be reinforced by a quotation from Croce, dealing with the subject of modern, so-called 'romanticism': "Its soul (consists) in this tendency on the part of art towards an immediate expression of passions and impressions . . . art for this movement is not the expression of life and hence the transcending of life in the contemplation of the infinite and the universal, but the cries and gesticulations and broken colours of life itself."

I submit that the real artists are being swamped by a frightening upsurge of bogus art, inane cults and worshippers of diseased sensibilities, and all this is being furiously fostered by the academic mind which appears to have lost all sense of responsibility, all sense of fitness and proportion, and indeed all sense of sense.

(4) A number of grotesque and premature philosophies have been derived from the legitimate insights into man and the cosmos concomitant to the advance of scientific knowledge. It's strange that this should have been taken so seriously. But stranger still is the picture Mr. Curley gives of art responding smoothly to the philosophic fluctuations like a cam and cam follower. Here again we have an example of the academic mind imprisoned in its formulas and Latin phrases.

(5) "The cycle bounded by conception and death," which is the proper definition of life according to Mr. Curley, might more fittingly be applied to "mere existence." Real life is the free, the conscious, the selective, the humane response to existence. Seen in this light, Mr. Leavis's remarks about T. S. Eliot, in spite of the curious phrasing, make a great deal of sense.

(6) What are we to say now in conclusion? The Christian imagination is not free because it is encased in academic formulas. As far as Catholicism is concerned, it is not free because the hierarchy have stressed indoctrination at the expense of education and have been only too successful in so doing. One of the great cosmic lessons of history is that dishonest gains must at length be paid for in full. Even in the case of Christ's Church, God might be said to be 'reluctant' to suspend the laws of cause and effect.

PHILIP BELGRAVE.

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The Enchantment of the Ordinary

THE SAME DOOR. John Updike. Knopf. $3.75.

By THOMAS E. CASSIDY

JOHN UPDIKE'S first novel, *The Poorhouse Fair,* which appeared early this year, seemed to me an extraordinary first novel—a deeply moving and unusually skillful blend of fictional form and substance. It was a welcome and an original work, and it showed that Updike was as expert a craftsman in the longer medium as he was in his short stories, which have appeared regularly in *The New Yorker.* Here are those stories, now, gathered together as *The Same Door,* and they show how delicately startling and imaginative this writer is, as he tells tales of ordinary people in ordinary situations. He is a most careful, and thoughtful, writer, and because he is, these ordinary people and these ordinary situations become quite enchanting. There is a point in each story, when the ordinary becomes literary make-believe of a quietly exciting kind.

In "Ace in the Hole," he catches quickly but lastingly the reckless spirit of the very young who marry very young and suddenly are faced with the reality they have always associated with the very old. Ace and Evey, the hot-shot boy and the hot-cha girl, are now Mr. and Mrs., complete with Baby Bonnie. Ace has no job, and Evey is angry, but they end by cutting a rug, with Bonnie looking on and Ace talking about a junior. Their resilience is pathetic; I don't think I have ever seen it captured so well.

Mark Prosser, the English teacher in "Tomorrow and Tomorrow and So Forth," is pathetic too, convincing himself that a student's trickery had something genuine in it. But Updike's people reach for the stars in their own way. That is a good part of their attraction, because his people do make their disappointments and their dreariness shine just a little bit, no matter how. Rebecca, the misfit guest at Joan and Richard's new Village apartment, in "Snowing in Greenwich Village," tries to be queen, at least in her own walk-up. And the rookie golfer, Paul, in "Intercession," feels that he could beat his chance companion, the self-styled golf "Professor," if he really tried.

But it is in "Gift from the City" that Updike writes somberly and powerfully of an experience that is small and meaningful in the lives of two good, gentle people, a young husband and wife. It is the story of two in the city: "Like most happy people, they come from well inland. Amid this city's mysteries, they had grown very close." They are new in the city, and the young girl generously gives money to an itinerant, hapless Negro who calls at her door while her husband is away. She is disturbed by the man, and disturbed more by the man's suggestion that he will return to thank her husband. They become enmeshed in their own goodness, and they treat their charity to the man as the man's "gift from the city." There is nothing tragic, violent, sensational, or neurotic in any of the people or the experience. There is no jangling of nerves or sensibilities. Innocence faces panhandling; innocence is moved, worried, scared, and not ruined. The total effect of the story is pleasant—the effect of love.

Updike creates his characters with care and sense; they fit perfectly the mood of his stories. There is no jarring note in his dialogue, and, in fact, sometimes his people speak eloquently with brevity and often in a beautifully descriptive silence. And above all, there is a feeling of wonder in these people and in these stories, wonder at the beauty in the simple strangeness of things. These are fine stories by a fine writer, who knows and respects his form.

A Comedy of Human Pretensions

THE TENTS OF WICKEDNESS. By Peter De Vries. Little, Brown. $3.75

by EDWIN KENNEBECK

MR. DE VRIES' favorite suburban characters are once again set going in his newest novel —Charles Swallow, newspaper-column writer, his literal-minded wife, his epigrammatic brother-in-law, and others. The scene is once again Decency, Connecticut, the idea once again to make comedy out of human pretensions. Unlike many novelists, who write about the same set of human types again and again but vary the names and milieus slightly, De Vries simply keeps the same ones, weaving fantastic new patterns into their lives.

This time, Swallow is summoned back into the life of a girl named Elizabeth "Sweetie" Appleyard, whom he had known in earlier years. As Sweetie has grown she has failed to take the usual forward steps, mentally speaking; but as one of Swallow's friends might be moved to say, she is not loath to make advances of another sort. Soon—or no, not so soon, for the story has a kind of start-and-stop quality—Swallow is on his way to a brief adulterous fling with her, and after a while he learns that she is pregnant. To enrich the plot further, brother-in-law Nicky has branched off into a double life, as a notorious burglar as well as his usual would-be boulevardier self. The difficulties all connect, somehow, and lead to several encounters and adventures in Connecticut suburban society, as well as New York bohemian. As a comedy should, it ends fairly happily.

Mr. De Vries, as has been noted before, is at his best when he is simply making jokes. He is able to epitomize, diagnose, and demolish a fake attitude, a phony aspiration, with a quick wisecrack. He is an excellent mimic in words, as can be seen in most of his literary parodies in this work. Since many of his

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characters are quite literate, the humor is often of a high quality. The retarded young lady Sweetie is an amateur poetess, and during the course of the story we are offered several delightful bits of verse "after" Dylan Thomas, Auden, Emily Dickinson, and other poets, including Wallace Stevens, with a very small poem entitled "The Courtesan Takes Cortisone."

De Vries has an unresting self-consciousness, a little like that of Vladimir Nabokov, which does not allow a cliché to pass unmolested; like Nabokov, he is doubtless a modest but useful agent in the preservation of our language. He is wonderful in his proper sphere. The rich, prosey prose of Faulkner is imitated with great success, and even Graham Greene is noted: "Swallow saw her nose was irregular; he looked for more of the flaws that breed desire through pity. Her hair was darker at the roots . . . he felt the bowels of mercy stir. If her stocking seams were crooked, he would want her then and there."

But the road is rough in spots; De Vries has traveled it before, and there are signs of wear, weariness, disturbing lapses in taste. And, not only ridiculing false ambitions and aspirations, he seems to be doubtful about all of them. Here and there it seems that, admiring the effort and virtue required simply to be like everyone else, De Vries finds all individuality a sign of failure. "The task of rearing a child must have taught her . . . that the conformity we often glibly equate with mediocrity isn't something free spirits 'transcend' as much as something they're not quite up to. That convention calls for broader shoulders—and, for all I know, more imagination—than revolt." This is an interesting twist on a twist; as far as I can tell, it is written with some seriousness. But somehow it doesn't sound right in a novel of this sort (which begins with a quote from Sartre—"We can be nothing without playing at being"). If we are to have such a "message" celebrating the ordinary, it were better left concealed among the laughs.

Things as They Are

ELIZABETH. By Henri Troyat. Simon & Shuster. $4.95.

By ANNE FREMANTLE

HENRI TROYAT, Russian-born, educated in Paris, is a Prix Goncourt winner. He is at present engaged on a project often dear to French novelists, a *roman-fleuve,* or family chronicle. The first, *Amelie in Love,* was published in the United States in 1956; the second, *Amelie and Pierre,* in 1957. Elizabeth, the heroine of this third in the series, is the child of Amelie and Pierre. We are shown her living in her parents' cafe in Paris, with little life of her own, almost part of the cafe furniture. Her uncle Denis, Amelie's brother, is the closest to her in age and temperament; he plays with the little girl, finds time for her.

Since the novel is written from the "omniscient narrator" point of view, the writer can take a God-like view of all his characters, but he concentrates on Elizabeth. This is a trifle disconcerting, for, just as we are prepared to believe that a ten-year old really feels just this for her teddybear, just that for the boys in school, we learn how Amelie feels about her daughter (not very much) or about her husband, rendered impotent by World War I, on whom she expends her maternal instinct. Or we are told how Denis feels about his fat mistress, Clementine, or how Mlle. Quercy, the school mistress in the school where Elizabeth spends a sad half year, feels about her pupils.

M. Troyat believes in writing about things exactly as they are. He belongs to the anti-fairy-tale school: we will visit the farm and see the little chickens, or this is how we go to market, or this is how we wash our faces in school, or breakfast on a cold morning. The descriptions are excellent: this is how a mustard plaster feels to a ten-year-old; this is how a child dies of pneumonia; this is how an old man pours wine. There is almost total recall of French provincial life when Elizabeth goes to her school, or when she goes to the cosy relatives in the country. There is a magnificent family feast of welcome for Amelie from her parents, and a tender touching scene where Amelie's father congratulates her for having made such a success of her life—a flourishing cafe, a happy marriage, a pretty child—and Amelie contrasts her father's words with the bitter realities: grinding hard work, a withdrawn and ineffectual husband, a delicate child.

But for all the solid quality of the writing, for all the excellent craftsmanship of the story and the good characterization, there is a certain heaviness about the book. Perhaps it is hope that is lacking, for there is humor aplenty: Elizabeth's escapades, the refusal to eat the greasy soup, the defiances, the dares, are funny enough, and Elizabeth is a lively child. But never once is there that kind of shouting inside that happens to even the most doleful: as the beatnik said, it's so hard to stay beat because happiness will keep butting in, but in this novel it never does.

Postwar Berlin

THROUGH THE NIGHT. By Hans Scholz. Crowell. $4.50.

By WILLIAM JAMES SMITH

THROUGH THE NIGHT, which was a 1956 best-seller in Germany, was originally entitled *Am Grünen Strand der Spree*—on the green banks of the Spree. The Spree is Berlin's river but it has its origins in the mountains of Saxony and before it reaches Berlin it winds through a picturesque region known as the Spreewald, where Wendish is still spoken by the peasants and the local witch is respected and feared for her love-philtres and her hexes. The whole region now, of course, is a part of East Germany and exists in precarious obscurity under its Communist-collaborationist rulers. Scholz's novel, aside from its other virtues, gives a touching

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and frightening view of the suspicion-ridden existence of this odd lost end-of-the-world region. The novel makes a plea, too, for the people who prefer to exist and endure there rather than flee to Bonn and the land of milk and honey.

To call *Through the Night,* a novel, however, is not at all accurate. It is a series of short stories told during the course of a rainy night in a West Berlin nightclub by a group of former drinking companions who have gathered to cheer up one of their members recently returned from a Soviet prison camp. The stories are of the war, of PW camps, and the strange harassed existence of the postwar world. One particularly charming story dips back into the eighteenth century when other wars were raging in this fateful borderland between East and West. The various stories are loosely connected by some characters in common and by the recurrent presence of a romantic Beautiful Lady, about whom one can only be quizzical. For the most part the "connective tissue" of the book seems much less competent than the stories themselves.

The stories themselves, however, are consistently fine. One of the cast of characters in the book is composing a piece of music which, he says, he hopes may be called "tender, gay and modest." Something of the sort might be said of these stories. They are tender and often deeply moving, and the gaiety, though it is sometimes dimmed by horror, is never completely conquered. And they are modest in that they do not pretend to more than they present. If comparisons are to be made it can only be to the peerless Black Magic of Isak Dinisen, whose world of haunted woodlands and mysterious strangers bears a strong resemblance to the Spreewald, with the difference that Scholz's haunted woodlands are all too real.

One of the briefer, and gayer, stories is about a German prisoner of war in an American PW camp in France. He "escapes" for a few hours, not really to get away but just to see up close what a nearby village looked like: "I came so near that I could see children playing in front of the houses and could hear the voices of French mothers, very clearly, calling them in. And these voices didn't sound very different from the voices in villages everywhere, all over the world, when night falls and children have to go into the house."

Mr. Scholz is—or was, before his literary success—a painter by profession rather than a writer of fiction. Something of this comes across in his stories and his descriptions of the countryside on the green banks of the Spree. All in all Mr. Scholz brings some fine old-fashioned romantic talents to material as current as the Berlin crisis.

REVIEWERS

Thomas E. Cassidy is a member of the English department at Southern Illinois University.

Edwin Kennebeck is on the staff of a leading New York publishing house.

Anne Fremantle is the well-known writer, lecturer and critic.

William J. Smith is one of the editors of *Atomic Industrial Forum.*

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The World of Henry Moore

THE FASHION for psychoanalysis that has seeped into almost every nook and cranny of modern life has led to a variety of misuses, some of which are luckily quite funny; its employment as a tool of criticism (in particular, literary criticism) has sometimes only been bearable on that account. In the case of Dr. Erich Neumann, whose special field is the "creative" mind, a very different result is obtained. In his interesting study *The Archetypal World of Henry Moore* (Pantheon $5.00.) the reader is in the hands of an authority on both art and psychology. And from what might seem like an inauspicious approach the author has turned out an admirable, scholarly work that is truly illuminating.

The fact that he subscribes to the Jungian theory of a "collective unconsciousness," in which certain "primordial images" or "archetypes" persist in the mind of man, serves to provide a more viable basis for a psychology of art than what he slightingly refers to as "the false personalistic causality theory." Although one may demur at brushing aside as irrelevant various facts about Moore, his study of Moore from the point of view of universal values does provide deep insights into both the form and content of Moore's work. "The aim of great art (is) to conjure up and give shape to (the) unitary reality underlying the polarized world we ordinarily know," and "it is through art and religion that every age has tried to gain access to this unitary reality," he says. His study provides a key to that mysterious power of genius to draw on what Maritain, in perhaps a more felicitous phrase, calls "the eternal universe of the soul!"

Henry Moore is one of those figures that tower in the landscape of the world of art; perhaps the only other of equal stature alive today is Picasso. He has the peculiar distinction, however, of having produced a wonderfully coherent body of work; his sculptures are mainly variations on a theme by which he may be said to be obsessed. In any age where the discursive is the rule he is profound; his style revolves around a central theme as if the theme possesssed an irresistible centripetal force. Sir Herbert Read has said that Moore's genius is universal but also very English, and it is true that it has a quality that we attach to the English—Conrad would surely have said he is "steady." That rooted-in-the-earth quality that dignifies most of his work, and that dedicated effort to embody the mystery of created life in forms that are indeed universal archetypes—these are the steady terms in which his genius develops: they are the outward and inward sources of his inspiration.

"Maternal Nature who creates the world of forms is the true object of Moore's work" according to Dr. Neumann, and the artist is obsessed by achieving the "incarnation of the feminine archetype." The great series of works entitled "Reclining Figure" or "Mother and Child" (as well as the corollary "Figures" and "Family Groups") are all materializations of this theme, conceived in a powerful variety of forms. Whether these forms are more or less abstract they have the other-worldly air of "suprapersonal" beings and yet they "rise up like a piece of nature in its natural setting." Dr. Neumann points out that "the relationship of the child to the mother is . . . the archetype of all human relationships" as the feminine figure (often treated by Moore almost as a landscape of rounded and hollowed shapes) is the archetype of nature herself. "Organic form" is the term usually applied to Moore's work, and the humanist element is the catalyst that turns his archetypes into living forms.

The care and discretion with which Dr. Neumann follows the course of Moore's career, his sensitiveness to the numinous quality of the artist's work, his occasional

Opportunity for Good Reading

The various features of this September 11 issue present a sampling of the topicality and quality which are characteristic of The Commonweal week after week. Readers this fall will welcome this sort of comment, considering what is at stake in such developments as the exchange of visits between the President and Mr. Khrushchev, prospects in the 1960 Presidential race, the crises in Laos and Berlin, the renewed struggle with inflation, parleys on the control of nuclear weapons, and important changes in the climate of labor relations.

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flashes of eloquence and of purely esthetic insights, keep this book from being really tendentious. The superb photographs are so arranged that reference to them, as the reader follows the text, is delightfully easy, and the desire of the author to substantiate his doctrine is never allowed to interfere with a sound account of each work. It is a most satisfying study of this great modern sculptor.

Two of the most important recent works of Moore which are discussed at length in Dr. Neumann's book are part of a splendid exhibit called *Sculpture in Our Time,* assembled from the remarkable Joseph Hirshhorn collection, which has been at the Detroit Institute of Arts (May 6-Aug.23). This exhibit will be shown at eight museums during the coming year. The difficulties of transporting and showing sculpture are such that few opportunities of this kind are possible. The Moore bronze *Draped Reclining Figure* ('52-'53) is a powerful yet girlish figure (near-naturalistic) swathed in a delicate drapery that Moore has compared to "the crinkled skin of the earth." It was created for the Time-Life building in London. The bronze *King and Queen* ('52-'53) is said to be the only cast in America of this extraordinary moving work, an example of a new "form element" in Moore—thinner and more linear. In one of his flashes of eloquence Neumann describes it: "The royal couple . . . sit on the edge of some event they are watching, themselves powerless." BETTY KAUFMAN.

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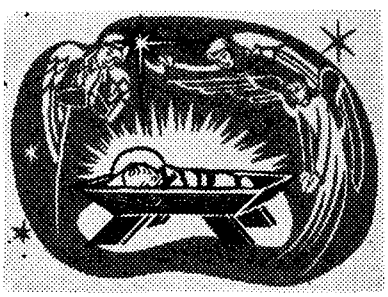

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From the current issue of NATIONAL REVIEW. Write to Dept. C-5, 150 E. 35th St., N. Y. 16, N. Y., for a free copy.

Itinerary of "Sculpture in Our Time"

Milwaukee Art Center, Milwaukee, Wisconsin, Sept. 10-Oct. 11, 1959.

Walker Art Center, Minneapolis, Minnesota, Oct. 25-Dec. 6, 1959.

William Rockhill Nelson Gallery of Art, Kansas City, Missouri, Dec. 20-Jan. 31, 1960.

The Museum of Fine Arts of Houston, Houston, Texas, Mar. 1-Mar. 27, 1960.

Los Angeles County Museum, Los Angeles, Cal., Apr. 13-May 15, 1960.

M. H. De Young Memorial Museum, San Francisco, Cal., May 29-July 10, 1960.

Colorado Springs Fine Arts Center, Colorado Springs, Col., July 24-Sept 4, 1960.

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Who really profited in steel this year?

Steelworkers' increased pay outstripped owners' dividend increase by 86 to 1

It is no surprise to anyone that the nation's steel companies earned larger profits in the frenzied first half of this year than in the first half of the recession-ridden year of 1958. After all, under pressure of strike fears, customers bought a lot more steel—nearly 3½ billion dollars worth more.

But *would* it surprise you to learn that *for every dollar of increased dividends received by the owners of the steel companies this year, the steelworkers received $86 in increased wages and benefits?*

Well, that is the fact!

Out of the increased profits the owners of steel companies received $7 million more in dividends this year than they did in the first half of last year.

The steelworkers, however, received $603 million more in wages and benefits.

And that increase, in any man's arithmetic, is 86 to one in favor of the steelworkers. But it still isn't enough for the Union leaders. They want more and more—and more. When they describe steel profits as "fantastic," what word is then left to describe the gains of the steelworkers?

Let's Look at the Facts

The steel companies have no complaint whatever to make about the greatly increased prosperity of the steelworkers. But they do protest vigorously when Union leaders—concealing the fabulous gains of their members—seek to distort, magnify and misrepresent the profit picture in a brazen effort to foist another disastrous round of wage inflation upon the American people.

We think the time has come, therefore, to look at the sober facts about payrolls and profits, and to put them in perspective.

One Million Owners Got $268 Million Total Dividends

The steel companies are owned by more than one million stockholders whose invested savings have provided the tools, the plants, and other capital facilities needed to make steel. As payment for the use of these facilities, which cost in excess of $16 billion, the stockholders received $268 million in dividends during the first six months of this year.

607,020 Employees Got $2,251,000,000 in Payrolls

In this same period, the steel companies employed an average of 607,000 men and women who provided the brains, energy, skill and judgment necessary to produce and market the steel. For their services, they received a total of $2,251 million in wages and salaries—more than eight times as much as the owners received.

Steelworkers' Average Earnings Jumped $29.38 a Week

More than 75 percent of the total payroll went to 491,000 hourly-paid workers, whose average weekly earnings have risen steadily, in every quarterly period, since the beginning of 1958. In these eighteen months alone the steelworkers' earnings jumped from $105.64 a week, to $135.02—a gain of $29.38 a week.

Companies Sold $9¼ Billion Worth of Steel

You have been told that the steel companies made record dollar profits in the first half of this year; and that is true. What you were *not* told is that production and sales—and payrolls, taxes and other costs—*also* established new record highs.

During this period the companies sold $9¼ billion worth of steel. And after covering their payrolls, taxes and other costs—all record highs—they showed a profit of $783 million, less than 8½ cents on each dollar of sales.

Let's see what happened to this profit.

One-Third Was "Phantom Profit."

Roughly one-third of the profit was "phantom profit" which had to be used to cover the inflated cost of replacing worn-out tools and facilities. This one-third provided nothing for the owners—nothing for expansion. It had to be used just to stand still.

Otherwise the steel industry would die a little each year as its plants wore out. And so would the jobs of its over 600,000 employees and the invested savings of its more than one million shareowners.

One-Third Was Reinvested

Another third or so of the profit went to meet the continuing need for improved or enlarged plants and equipment, necessary working capital, new sources of raw materials, new research facilities, and to improve productive efficiency generally.

This was the "re-invested profit" that provides for America's industrial growth, sustains job security, and steadily raises the standard of living of the American people.

One-Third Went to the Owners

What was left of the profit—$268 million—went to the owners of the steel companies in the form of dividends. This was the only payment they received from their companies for the use of all the tools that their savings have provided; and it represented an annual return of about 3 percent on the present market value of their investment.

That is about the same return you get on your savings account at the bank—less than on a Government Bond.

Not exactly "fantastic" is it? . . . Especially since the companies—in order to attract the new savings they must have—must compete in the financial market place against all other security issues.

Remember This All-Important Fact

This, then is the simple, sober truth about steel profits and payrolls in 1959; and from it you may draw your own conclusions. But there is one all-important fact that should never be lost in the smokescreen of confusion that the Union leaders have sought to create around profits. And that fact is this:

Any increase in steel wage costs at this time will give another dangerous twist to the upward spiral of inflation.

This is because steelworkers are already leading the wage parade, and a further increase now will force other unions in every branch of industry and trade to redouble their efforts to "catch up." Thus wages and production costs will rise on all sides; and so will the cost of almost everything you buy.

THE STEEL COMPANIES COORDINATING COMMITTEE

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